

(butch walker & chrystina llore)

I met you where the walls were velvet.
Slingin' chili in a corset.
Makin' love to every face that walked into the room.
It was never my intention to put your service on suspension.
But I wanted what was flaunted by no matter whom.

Oooh, oh no.
Here I go again I'm crazy.
Oooh, oh no.

Let's not talk about religion or about no evolution.
Let's not talk about the big bang.
Or about no air pollution.
I don't care about your habbits,
If all that I've heard is true.
I don't wanna talk until we're through.

You're kinda like a cartoon mirror.
Talking to me makes me shiver.
Water beadin' down your side onto the hardwood floor
I have to scold my dog because he licks it off the floor,
Before I even get a chance to taste a little for myself.

My head's spinnin' from the liquor,
That you bought from the bartender.
So excuse me if my center focus is just a little warped.
But you've got my full attention,
And I've got the best intentions.
If you'll only keep the deep stuff lyin' on the floor.